A Trio and Quartette.

Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne, Authors of "The Wrecker," "The Wrong Box," etc.

Copyright, 1838, by Robert Louis Treasum and Lines Octourn " There is a Tide in the Affairs of Men,"

PART IL

The Quartette.

CHAPTER IX.-Continued. THE DINNER PARTY. There followed a bar of silence, during which the Captain sat mesmerized.

Then Attwater laughed softly. "These are the diversions of a lonely man," he resumed, "and possibly not in good taste. One tells eneself these little fairy tales for company. If there should happen to be anything in folk lore, Mr. Hay? But here comes the claret. One does not offer you Lafitte Captain, because I believe it is all sold to the railroad dining ears In your great country; but this Brane Mouton is of a good year, and Mr. Whish will give me

news of it." That's a queer idea of yours:" cried the Captain, bursting with a sigh from the spell that had bound him. "So you mean to tell me now that you ait here evenings and ring up G-well, ring on the angels-by yourself?"

As a matter of historic fact, and since you put it directly one does not," said Attwater. Why ring a bell, when there flows out from eneself and everything about one a far more momentous silence—the least beat of my heart and the least thought in my mind schoing into eternity forever and forever?" 'O look 'ere," said Huish, "turn from the

lights at once, and the Band of 'Ope will oblige! This ain't a spiritual scance." No folk lore about Mr. Whish-I beg your pardon, Captain; Huish, not Whish, of course.

As the boy was filling Huish's glass the nottle escaped from his hand and was shattered. and the wine spilt on the veranda floor. Inface of Attwater; he smote the bell imperiously, and the two brown natives fell into the attitude of attention and stood mute and trembling. There was just a moment of allence and hard looks: then followed a few savage words in the native, and, upon a gesture of dismissal, the service proceeded as before.

None of the party had as yet observed upon the excellent bearing of the two men. They were dark, undersized, and well set up; stepped softly, waited deftly, brought on the wines and dishes at a look, and their eyes attended studiously on their master. Where do you get your labor from, any

way?" asked Davis. Ah, where not?" answered Attwater. "Not much of a soft job, I suppose?" said the

Captain. If you will tell me where getting labor is," said Attwater with a shrug. "And, of course, in our case, as we could name no destination. we had to go far and wide and do the best we sould. We have gone as far west as the Kingsmills and as far south as Rapa-iti. Pity Symonds isn't here: He is full of yarns.

That was his part to collect them. Then be

gan mine, which was the educational." You mean to run them?" said Davis.

"Ay! to run them," said Attwater. Wait a bit," said Davis, "I'm out of my depth. How was this? Do you mean to say you did it single-handed?" 'One did it single-handed." said Attwater,

because there was nobody to help one." By God! but you knust be a holy terror.' cried the Captain, in a glow of admiration. 'One does one's best," said Attwater.

Well, now," said Davis, "I have seen a lot of driving in my time and been counted a good driver myself; I fought my way, third mate. around Cape Horn with a push of packet rats that would have turned the devil out of hell and shut the door on him; and I tell you this racket of Mr. Attwater's takes the cake. In a ship why, there sin't nothing to it! You've got the law with you, that's what does it, But put me down on this blame beach alone, with nothing but a whip and a mouthful of bad words, and ask me to- No. sir! it's not good enough; I haven't got the sand for that," cried Davis. "It's the law behind," he added; "it's the law does it, every time!"

The beak sin't as black as he's sometimes pynted." observed Hulsb, humorously, Well, one got the law after a fashion," said

Attwater. One had to be a number of things. It was sometimes rather a bore." I should smile." said Davis. "Rather live-

ly. I should think." I date say we mean the same thing," said Attwater, "However, they got it knocked into their heads that they must work, and they Attwater. did-until the Lord took them!"

'Ope you made 'em jump." said Huish. When it was necessary, Mr. Whish, I made

them jump," said Attwater. 'You bet you did," cried the Captain. He was a good deal flushed, but not so much with wine as admitation; and his eyes drank in the huge proportions of the other with delight. You bet you did, and you bet that I can see you doing it! By God, you're a man, and you san say I said so," 'Too good of you, I'm sure," said Attwater,

Did you-did you ever have crime here?" asked Herrick, breaking his silence with a Yes," said Attwater, " we did."

'And how did you handle that, sir?" cried the carer Captain. Well, you see, it was a queer case," replied Altwater.

"It was a case that would have puzzled Solomon. Shall I tell it to you? Yes? The Captain rapturously accepted. Well," drawled Attwater, "here is what it

was. I dare say you know two types of natives, which may be called the obsequious and the sullen? Well, one had thom, the types themselves, detected in the fact, and one had them together. Obsequioneness ran out of the first like wine out of a bottle; sullenness congested in the second. Obsequiousness was all smiles; he ran to catch your eye, he loved to gabble, and he had about a dozen words of beach English and an eighth of an inch veneer of Christianity. Sullens was industrious-s big down-looking bee. When he was spoken to he answered with a black look and a shrug of one shoulder, but the thing would be done. I don't give him to you for a model of manners; there was nothing showy about Sullens; but he was strong, and stady, and ungraciously obedient. Now, bullens got into trouble, no matter how; the regulations of the piace were broken, and he was punished accordingly, without effect. So the nest day, and the next, and the day after, till I began to be weary of the business, and Sullens, I am afraid, particularly so. There came a day when he was in fault again for perhaps the thirtieth time, and he relied a duil eye upon me with a spark in it, and appeared to speak. Now, the regulations of the space are formal upon one point: we sllow no explanations. None is received, none allowed to be offered. So one stopped him instantly, but made a note of the circumstance. The next day he was gone from the settlement. There could be nothing more amparing. If the labor took to running away, the flahary was wrecked. There are sixty mines of this island, you see, all in length like the Queen's highway. The idea of pursuit its such a place was a piece of single-mindedness which one did not entertain. Two days later I made a discovery. It came in upon me with a flash that Sullens had been unjustify punished from beginning to end, and the result culprit throughout had been obsequiousness. The native who taiks like the woman who hesitates, is lost. You set him taking and it was already native and he taiks and line, and watches your face to see if he has plasted you, till at last out comes the truth. It came out of Describuousness in the regular course. I said nothing to him; I dismissed him; and late as it was for I was already night, set off to look for Sullens. I had not far to go, about two hundred yards up the island the moon showed him to me. He was handing in a cover palm. I'm not botanist enough to teil you how—but it's the way, in after case out of tes, these natives commit suicide. His tongue was out poor devil, and the birde had got o he answered with a black look and a shrug of one shoulder, but the thing

My justice had been made a fool of: I don't suppose that I was ever angrier. Next day I had the conch sounded and all hands out terefore sunrise. One took one's gun and led the way with Obsequiousness. He was very talkative: the beggar supposed that all was right now be had confessed; in the old schoolory phrase, he was plainly sucking up' to me full of protestations of good will and good behavior: to which one nuswered one really can't remember what. Fresently the tree came in sight, and the hanced man. They all hurst out lamenting for their comracts in the lainnd way, and Obsequiousness was the loudest of the mourners. He was quite genuine; a nozious creature, without any consciousness of guilt. Well, presently—to make a long story short—one told him to go up the tree. He stared a bit, looked at one with a trouble in his eye, and had rather a sickly smile; but went. He was obelient to the last; he had all the prestry virtues, but the fruth was not in him. So soon as he was up, he looked down, and there was the rills covering him; and at that he gave a whimper like a dog. I on could hear a nin drop; he more keening now. There they all crushed upon the ground, with huiging eves; there was he in the tree top, the color of lead, and between was the deal man dancing a bit in the air. He was obedient to the last, recited his crime, recommended his soul to God, and then—"Attwater paused, and Herrick, who had been ilstening attentively, made a convulsive movement which upset his glass.

"And then?" asid Attwater. "They came to the ground together."

ground together."

Herrick sprang to his feet with a shrick and Ilerrick strang to bis feet with a shrick and an insensate gesture.

"It was a murder" he acreamed, "A cold-hearted, bloody-minded murder! You murderous being! Murderer and hypocrite—murderer and hypocrite—murderer and hypocrite—in he repeated, and his tongue stumbled among the words.

The Captain was by him in a moment. "Herrick!" he oried, behave rourself! Here, don't be a blame foo!!"

Herrick struggled in his embrace like a frantic child, and, suddenly bowing his face in his hands, chokel into a sob, the first of many, which now convulsed his body ellently and now jerked from him indescribable and meaningless sounds.

ingless sounds.
Your friend appears overexelted," re-marked Attwater, sitting unmoved but all slort at table.
It must be the wine," replied the Captain.
It wist be the wine," replied the Captain.
It will take him away. A walk'll sober him think I'll take him away. A walk'll sober him up, I guess.

He led him without resistance out of the veranda and into the night, in which they soon melted; but still for some time, as they draw away, his comfortable veice was to be heard soothing and remonstrating, and Herrick answering at intervals, with the mechanical noises of hysteria.

E's like a bicomin' poultry yard!" observed Huish, helping himself to the wine lof which he spilled a good deal! with gentlemantly ease. A man should learn to beyave at table, he added.

"Rather bad form, is it not?" said Attwater.

"Well, well, we are left tôte à tôte. A glass of wine with you. Mr. Whish:"

CHAPTER X. THE OPEN DOOR.

The Capiain and Herrick meanwhile turned their backs upon the lights in Attwater's veranda, and took a direction toward the pler and the beach of the lagoon.

The isle, at this hour, with its smooth floor of eand, the pillared roof overhead, and the prevalent illumination of, the lamps, wore an air of unreality like a deserted theatre or a public garden at midnight. A man looked about him for the statues and tables. Not the least wind was stirring among the palms, and the slience was emphasized by the continuous clamor of the surf from the seashore, as it might be of traffic in the next street.

Still talking, still southing him, the Capiain hurried his patient on brought him at last to the lagoon side, and leading him down the beach, laved his head and, face with the tepid water. The paroxysm gradually subsided, the sobs became less convulsive, and then ceased; by an odd but not quite unnatural conjunction, the Capiain's soothing current of talk died away at the same time and by proportional stems, and the pair remained sunk in silence. The lagoon broke at their feet in petty wavelets and with a soun; as delicate as a whisper; stars of all degrees looked down on their own images in that vast mirror; and the more angry color of the Farallone's riding lamp burned in the middle distance. For long lamp burned in the middle distance. For long lamp burned in the middle distance. For long speech was denied them, and when the words came at last they came to both simultaneously.

"Bay, Herrick—" the Capiain began.

But Herrick, turning swittly towardhis companion, bent him down with the eager cry:
"The sea," responded Herrick. "The sea," "To sea," responded Herrick. "The sea is given on the own, that," switch Davis. "You brace up and we'll talk; "Hourse all nerves, like Jemimar; you've got to brace up and we'll talk; "Hourse all nerves, like Jemimar; you've got to brace up and we'll talk; "Hourse all nerves, like Jemimar; you've got to brace up and we'll talk."

To sea," reiterated Herrick, "to sea to-night—now—this mo

we'll talk."

To sea. "reiterated Herrick, "to sea tonight-now-this moment!"

It can't be, my son," replied the Captain firmly. "No ship of mine puts to sea without provisions, you can take that for settled."

You don't seem to understand." said Herrick. The whole thing is over, I tell you. There is nothing to do here, when he knows all. That man there with the cat knows all; can't you take it in?"

All what "saked the Captain visible dis-

can't you take it in?"
All what?" asked the Captain, visibly discomposed. Why, he received us like a perfect gontleman, and treated us real handsome until you began with your foolery, and I must say I have seen men shot for less and nebudy sorry! What more do you expect any way?"
Herrick rocked to and fro upon the sand, shaking his head. "Guving us." he said: "he ring us-only guying us; it's all we're

was guying us—only guying us; it's all we're good for."

There was one queer thing to be sure," admitted the Captain, with a misgiving of the voice; 'fhat about the sherry. Damned if I caught on to that. Say, Herrick, you didn't give me away?" repeated Herrick, with weary, quorulous scorn. What was there to give away? We're transparent; we've got rascal branded on us—detected rascal—detected rascal. Why, before he came on board, there was the name painted out, and he saw the whole thing, he made sure we would kill him there and then, and stood guying you and Huish on the chance. He calls you and Huish on the chance. He calls you and Huish. What is the puppy doing with the two wolves, he asked. He showed before morning, and all hums by a hair—and smiled as he said it, such a smile; Oh it's no use, I tell you! He knows all, he sees through all; we only make him laugh with our presences, he looks at us and laughs—like God."

There was a silence. Davis stood with contestal how was principled than its god."

There was a silence. Davis stood with contorted brow, gazing into the night.

The pearis? he said suddenly. "He showed them to you? He has them?"

No, he didn't show them, I forgot; only the safe they were in, said Herrick. But you'll never got them."

The two words to say to that," said the Contain. Captain

Captain.

Do you think he would have been so easy at table unless he was prepared? cried Herrick. The servants were both armed. He was armed himself; he always is; he told me. You will never deceive his vigilance. Davis, I know it! It's all up, I tell you, and keep telling you and proving it. All up; all up. There's nothing for it, there's nothing to be done; all gone; life honor, love. Oh, my God, my God, why was I born? Another pause followed upon this outburst.

why was I born? Another pause followed upon this outburst. The 'cantain put his hands to his brow. Another thing!" he broke out. "Why did he tell you all this? Seems like madness to me." lierrick shook his head with gloomy lieration. You wouldn't understand if I were to tell you," said he.

I guess I can understand any blame thing that you can tell me." said the Captain.

"I guess I can understand any place thing that you can tell me," said the Captain.
"Well then he's a fatalist," said lierrick.
"What's that, a fatalist," said bayes.
"Oh it's a fellow that believes a lot of things," said lierrick; bulleves that his bullets go true; believes that all fails out as find chooses, do as you like to prevent it, and all that."

lets go true; believes that all falls out as God chooses do as you like to prevent it, and all that."

Why, Iguess I believe right so myself," and Davis.

You do?" said Herrick,
You bet I do!" says Davis.

Hierrick shrugged his shoulders. "Well, you must be a fool," said he and he leaned his head upon his knees.

The Cantain stood biting his hands.

"I must get fluish out of that. He's not fit to hold his end up with a man like you describe."

And he turned to go away. The words had been quite simple: not so the tone, and the other was quick to catch it.

"lasts" he cried. "no, don't do it. Spare me, spars yourself and leave it alone for tiod's sake, for your children's sake!"

His voice rose to a passionate shrillness: another moment, and he might be overheard by their not-distant viethm. But lavis turned on him with a savage oath and gesture, and the miserable young man rolled over on his face on the sand, and lay heipless.

The Captain meanwhile, set out rapidly for Attwater's house. As he went, he considered with himself eagerly. his thoughts racing. The man had understood, he had meeked them from the beginning: he would teach him to make a moekery of John lavis! Herrick thought him a god; give him a second to aim in, and the god was overthrown. He chuckled as he felt the butt of his recoiver. It should be done now as he went in. From behind? It was difficult to get ere. From across the table? No, the Captain preferred to shoot standing, so as you could be sure to get your hand upon your gun. The best would be done now as he went in. From behind? It was difficult to get ere. From across the table? No, the Captain preferred to shoot standing, so as you could be sure to get your hand upon your gun. The best would be coment. Wrapped in this ardent preferred to shoot standing so as you could be sure to get your hand upon your gun. The heat house with his head down.

"Hands up! Halt" cried Attwater.

the Captain posted toward and mode.
head down.
"Hands up! Halt?" cried attwater.
And the Captain, before he knew what he
was doing, had obeyed. The surprise was
complete and framediable. Coming on the

top crest of his murderous intentions he had walked straight into an ambinessie, and now stood, with his hands impotently lifted, staring at the verands.

The party was now broken up. Attwater leaned on a post and kept Davis covered with a Winchester. One of the servants was hard by with a second at the port arms, leaning a little forward, round eyed with eager expectancy. In the open space at the head of the stair Huish was partly surported by the other native; his laces wreathed in meaningless smiles, his mind seemingly sunk in the contemplation of an unlighted cigar.

Well said Attwater, you seem to me to be a very twoponny pirate?

The Captain uttered a sound in his throat for which we have no name. Hage choked him.

"I am going to give you Mr. Whish—or the wine sup that remains of him." continued Attwater. He talks a great dead when he drinks, Capt. Davis of the See Hanger. But I have to the See Hanger. But I have to the See Hanger. But I have to the him, and return the actions with thanks. Now!" he cried sharply. Another false inovement like that, and your family will have to doplore the loss of an invaluable parent. Reep strictly still. Davis."

Attwater ends a word to the native, his eye still undeviatingly fixed on the Captalo, and the servant thrust Huish emarty forward from the brink of the stair. With an extraordinary simultaneous disposition of the fixed from the servant thrust Huish emarty forward from the servant end of the servant end for the into particular thrust grant and the servant end from the ser

An immediate activity responded on board the Farallone; far-away voices, and soon the sound of oars, floated along the surface of the lagoon; and at the same time, from nearer hand, Herrick aroused himself and strolled languidly up. He bent over the insignificant figure of Huish, where it grovelled, apparently insensible, at the base of the figure-head.

"Dead?" he asked.
"No: he's not dead," said Davis.
"And Attwater?" asked Herrick.
"Now, you just shut your head!" replied Davis.
"You can do that, I fancy, and by God, I'll shew you how. I'll stand no more of your drivel."

God, I'll show you how. I'll stand no more of your drivel."

They waited accordingly in silence till the boat humped on the furthest plers, then raised Huish, head and heels, carried him down the gangway, and flung him summarily in the bottom. On the way out he was heard murmuring of the less of his cigar, and after he had been handed up the side like baggage and cast down in the alleyway to slumber, his last sudible expression was: "Splent I'll Artwa!"

This the expert construed into "Splendid fellow, Attwater," with so much innocease had this great spirit issued from the adventures of the evening.

The Captain went and walked in the waist

the evening.
The Captain went and walked in the waist with brief, irate turns: Herrick leaned his The Captain went and walked in the waist with brief, Irate turns: Herrick teaned his arms on the taffrail; the crew had all turned in. The ship had a gentle, cradling motion; at timas a block piped like a bird. On shore, through the colonade of paim stems, Attiwater's house was to be seen, shining steadily with many lamps. And there was nothing else visible, whether in the heaven above or in the lagoon below, but the stars and their reflections. It night have been minutes or it might have been abours that Herrick leaned looking in the glorified water and drinking peace. "A bath of stars," he was thinking, when a hand was laid on his shoulder.

"Herrick," said the Captain. "I've been

when a hand was laid on his shoulder.

Herrick," said the Captain. "I've been walking off my trouble."
A sharp lar passed through the young man, but he neither answered nor so much as turned his head.

"I guess I spoke a little rough to you on shore," pursued the Captain; the fact is I was real mad; but now it's over, and you and me have to turn to and think."

I will not think, "said Herrick.

Here, old man," said law's, kindly; "this won't fight, you know! Tou've got to brace up and help me get things straight. You're not going back on a friend? That's not like you, Herrick."

Herrick!"

O yes, it is," said Herrick.

Come, come:" said the Captain, and paused as if quite at a loss. Look here," he criest, "you have a glass of champagne; I won't touch it, so that il show you if I'm in earnest. But it's just the pick-me-up for you; it'il put an edge on you at once."

But it's just the pick-me-up for you; it'il put an edge on you at once.

O, you leave me alone. said Herrick, and turned away.

The captain caught him by the sleeve; and he shook him off and turned on him for the mement, like a demoniac.

Go to hell in your own way! he cried.

And he turned away again, this time unchecked, and stepped forward to where the boat rocked alongside and ground occasionally against the schooner. He looked about him; a corner of the house was interposed between the Captain and himself; all was well; no eye must see him in that last act. He slid sliently into the boat, thence silently into the starry water. Instinctively he swam a little; it would be time enough to stop by and by.

The shock of the immersion brightened his

must see him in that instact. He slid silently into the toat, thence silently into the starry water. Instinctively he swam a little; it would be time enough to stop by and by.

The shock of the immersion brightened his mind immediately; the events of the izaobid day passed before him in a frieze of pictures, and he thanked whatever gods there before that open door of suicide. In such a little while he would be done with it, the random business at an end, the prodigal son come home. A very bright planet shope before him and frew a transhant water along the water. He took that for his line and followed it; that was the last earthly thing that he should look upon: that radiant speck, which he had soon magnified into a city of Laputa along whose terraves there waited men and women of awful and benignant features who viewed him with distant commiscration. These imaginary spectators consoled him; he took himself and his said destiny.

From such flights of fancy he was aroused by the growing coldness of the water. Why should he deny? Here, where he was now, let him drop the curtain, let him seek the ineffable refuge. Is him ile down with all races and generations of mon in the house of sieep. It was easy to say, easy to do. To stop swimming, there was no mystery in that, if he could do it, tooks her and he could not he had single and the grasp of an external face in the with a single and lived rasolve, flager by flager, sinsw by sinew; something that was at once he and not he at once within and without him; the shutting of some ministure valve in his brain, which a single many thought should sufflee to open and the grasp of an external face included as a gravity. To act man there may come at times a consciousness that there blows through all the articulations of his body, the wind of a spirit not wholly his, but his mind reteils, that another girds him and carries him whither he would not. It came now to begreate, that he would and the face blows through all the responsibility and his disgrace until a cold. a blow, a

(To be continued.)

MY FIRST BOOK.

BY REST MARTS.

Opprisht, 1883, by See Herts.
When I say that my "First Book" was not of my own, and contained beyond the title page not one word of my own composition, I trust that I will not be accused of trifling with paradox, or tardily unbosoming myself of youthful plagiary. Eut the fact remains that in priority of publication the first book for which I became responsible, which probably provoked more criticism than anything I have written since, was a small compilation of Callfornian poems indited by other hands.

A well-known bookseller of San Francisco one day handed me a collection of certain poems which had already appeared in Facific coast magazines and newspapers, with the request that I should, if possible, secure further additions to them, and then make a selection of those which I considered the most notable and characteristic, for a single volume to be issued by him. I have reason to believe that this unfortunate man was actuated by a laudable desire to publish a pretty Californian book-his first essay in publication-and at the same time to foster Eastern imagination by an exhibit of the Californian literary product; but, looking back upon his venture, I am inclined to think that the little volume never contained anything more poetically pathetic or touchingly imaginative than the gentle conception. Equally simple and trustful was his selection of myself as complier. It was based somewhat, I think, upon the fact that "the artiess Helicon" I boasted "was Youth: but I imagine it was chiefly owing to the circumstance that I had from the outset, with precedous foresight, confided to him my intention of not putting any of my own verses in the volume. Publishers are appreciative, and a self-abnegation so sublime, to say nothing of its security, was not without its effect. We settled to our work with fatuous self-

complacency, and no suspicion of the trouble

in store for us, or the storm that was to pres-

ently hustle around our devoted heads. I winnowed the poems, and he exploited a preliminary appoundement in an eager and wait. ing press, and we moved together unwittingly to our doom. I remember to have been early struck with the quality of material coming inevidently the result of some popular misunderstanding of the announcement. I found myself in daily and hourly receipt of and yellow fragments, originally torn from some dead and gone newspaper, creased and seamed from long fold ing in wallet or pocketbook. Need I say that most of them were of an emotional or didactiq nature; need I add any criticism of these homely souvenirs, often disclored by the morning coffee, the evening tobacco, or heaven knows! perhaps blotted by too easy tears! Enough that I knew now what had become of these original but never recopied verses which filled the "Poet's Corner" every country newspaper on the coast, I knew now the genesis of every didactic verse that 'coldly furnished forth the marriage table" in the announcement of weddings in the rural press. I knew now who had read -- and possibly indited-the dreary his facels of the dead in their mourning umns. I knew now why certain letters of the alphabet had been more tenderly considered than others, and affectionately addressed. I knew the meaning of the "Lines to Her who can best understand them," and I knew that they had been understood. The morning's post buried my table beneath these withered leaves of posthumous passion. They lay there like the pathetic nosegays of quickly fading wild flowers, gathered by school children, inconsistently abandoned upon roadsides, or as inconsistently treasured as limp and flabby superstitions in their desks. The chill wind from the bay blowing in at my window seemed to rustie them into sad articulate appeal. I remembe that when one of them was whisked from the window by a stronger gust than usual, and

that when one of them was whisked from the window by a stronger gust than usual, and was attaining a circulation it had never known before. I ran a block or two to recover it. I was young then and, in an exaited sense of ediforial responsibility which I have since survived, I think I turned pale at the thought that the reputation of some unknown genius might have thus been awapt out and swallowed by the all-absorbing sea.

There were other difficulties arising from this unexpected wealth of material. There were dozens of poems on the same subject. The Golden Gate." Mount Shasts." The Yosemite" were especially provocative. A beautiful bird known as the "California Canary" appeared to have been shot at and winard by every poet from Fortland to San Diszo. Lines to the Mariposa flower were as thick as the lovely blossoms themselves in the Merced Valley, and the Madone tree was as berlymed as Rosallind. Again, by a liberal construction of the publisher's announcement, manuscript poems, which had never known print, began to unfold coyly their virgin blossoms in the morning's mail. They were accompanied by a few lines stating, casually, that their sender had found them lying forgotten in his desk, or, mendaclously, that they were thrown off on the spur of the moment a few hours before. Some of the names appended to them astonished me. Grave, practical business men, asgefinanciers, lierce succulators and ploiding traders, never before suspected of poetry, or even correct prose, were among the contributors. It seemed as if most of the able-bodied inhabitants of the Facific coast had been in the habit at some time of expressing themselves in versa. Some sought confidence and responsibility, laid upon my "young shoulders." In fact, he went on paternally, adding the weight of the subject of when, in Montgomery street one day. I was approached by a well-known and venerable judicial manual adding the weight of this judicial hand to that burden. I have thought of speaking to you about it. In my leisure moments on the bench I now be said to have been finished in California, and thus embraced in the scope of your proposed selection. If a lew extracts, selected by myself, to save you all trouble and responsibility, be of any benefit to you, my dear young friend, consider them at your service."

In this fashion the contributions had increased to three times the bulk of the original collection, and the difficulties of selection were augmented in proportion. The editor and publisher ered each other aginst. Never thought there were so many of the blamed things alive, said the inter with great simplicity. Had you? The editor had not Couldn't you sort of shake 'em up and condense 'em, you know? keep their ideas—and their names—separate, so that they'd have proper credit. See? The editor pointed out that this would infringe the rule out that this would infringe the rule he had laid down. I see, said the publisher thoughtfully—well, couldn't you pare 'em down; give the first verse entire and serter sample the others? The editor thought not. There was clearly nothing to do but to make a more rigid selection—a difficult performance when the material was uniformly en a certain dead level, which it is not necessary to define here. Among the rejections were, of course, the usual plagiarisms from well-known authors imposed upon an inexperienced country press; several admirable pieces detected as acrostice of patent medicines, and certain veried litels and indecencies such as mark the "first" publications on bank walls and fancies of the average youth. Still the bulk remained too large, and the youthful editor set to work reducing it still more with a sympathizing concern which the special contents of the servage youth. Still the bulk remained too large, and the youthful editor set to work reducing it still more with a sympathizing concern which the spool-natured, but uniterary publisher failed to understand, and which also proved to be equally unappreciated by the rejected continuation.

to understand, and which, alsa proved to be equally unappreciated by the rejected contributors.

The book appeared—a preity little volume typographically and externally a credit to piconeer book making. Copies were liberally supplied to the press, and authors and publisher self-compliacently awaited the result. To the look sold readily from his well-known counters to purchasers who seemed to be drawn by a singular curiosity, unaccompaned, however, by any critical comment. People would lounge into the shoot turn over the leaves of other volumes, any carelessity. Got a new book of California poetry out, haven't you? purchase it and quietly depart. There were as yet no notices from the press; the big dailies were silent; there was something ominous in this calm.

Out of it the hoit felt. A well-known mining weekly, which I here poetically veil under the time of the liad Dug Jau Hau's was first to swoon down upon the tuneful and unsuspecting quarry. At this century-end of fastidous and complaisant criticism, it may be interesting to recall the direct atyle or the California sixties. The hog wash and pump stuff ladded out from the sion bucket of Hears.—A Co. of Frisco by some lop-eared Fastern apprentice, and called A Complation of Californian Verse, might be passed over, so fars a criticism goes. A club in the hands of any able-bodied citizen of feed bog and a stammboat ticket to the bar cheerfully contributed from this office would be all-sufficient. But when an imported greenhorn dares to call his fiapdoods mixture 'Californian' it is an insult to the State that has produced the gifted 'Tellow Hammer,' whose lottr flights have from time to time darded our roaders.

in the columns of the Joy Horek. That this complacent editorial jackans, browsing amoust the dock and thisties which he has served up in this volume, should make no allusion to California's greatest bard is rather a confession of his idiocy than a slur upon the genius of our esteemed contributor. I turned hurrisdly to my pile of rejected contributions—the nom de plume of Teilow Hammer did not appear among them; certainly I had never heard of its existence. Later, when a friend showed me one of that glited bard's pieces, I was inwardly relieved It was so like the majority of the other verses, in and out of the volume, that the mysterious poet might have written under a hundred sliases. But the Dutch Plat Unrivo, following, with no uncertain sound, left me small time for consideration. We doubt, said that Journal. I'd more feeble collection of drivel could have been made, even if taken exclusions have been made, even if the exclusion of the pollome. When we add that, by a fellicity of idiotic selection, this persent, left out of the volume. When we add that, by a fellicity of idiotic selection, this persent, left out of the volume. When we add that, by a fellicity of idiotic selection, this persent, left out of the volume. When we add that, by a fellicity of idiotic selection, this persent has chosen only one, and the least characteristic, of the really clever poems of Adioniram Skagra, which have so often graced these columns, we have said enough to satisfy our readers. The Mormon Hill Quara Unsher relieved this simple directness with more fanery. We don't know why Messys.— A Co. send us, under the title of 'Selections of Californian Poetry, 'a quantity of slumguillon which really bolongs to the sluices of a placer mining camp or the ditches of the rural districts. We have sometimes been compelled to run a lot of tallings through our samples, but never of the grade of the samples offered, which, we should say, would average about 33's cents per to. We have, however, come across a single specimen of pre grade of

in a peculiar cyclonic Western fashion. And there still lingers, not unpleasantly in my memory, the conclusion of a cheerfully, eathing review of the book which may make my meaning clearer. If we have said anything in this article which might cause a single pang to the poetleally sensitive nature of the youthful individual calling himself Mr. "rancis Bret Harte—but who, we believe, occasionally parts his name and his hair in the middle—we will feel that we have not labored in vain, and are ready to sing Nune Dimittis, and hand in our clecks. We have no doubt of the absolutely pellucid and lacteal purity of Franky's interpions. He means well to the Pacific coast, and we return the compliment. But he has strayed away from his parents and guardians while he was too fresh. He will not keep without a little sait.

he was too fresh. He will not keep without a little sait."
It was thirty years ago. The book and its Rabelaisian criticisms have been long since forgotten. Alas! I fear that even the capacity for that Gargantuan laughter which met them, in those days, exists no longer. The names I have used are necessarily fictitious, but where I have been obliged to quote the criticisms from memory I have. I believe, only softened their aspersity. I do not know that this story has any moral. The criticisms here recorded never hurt a reputation nor repressed a single honest aspiration. A few contributors to the volume, who were of original merit, have made their mark, Independently of it or its critics. The editor, who was for two months the most abused man on the Pacific slope, within the year became the editor of its lirst successful magazine. Even the publisher prospered and died respected.

PICTURES FROM THE CHICAGO FAIR. Exhibition of the Roman Society of Painters in Water Color.

For want of wall space only two dozen of the water colors sent to Chicago by the Roman Society of Painters in Water Color were framed and exhibited. As many more of the drawings were laid away in portfolios. On their way back to Italy they have been placed on view at Elackner's gallery by Mr. Angelo del Nero, the Italian Commissioner of Fine Arts to the World's Fair and a Vice-President of the International Jury for Fine Arts. They will remain here throughout January.

With the single exception of the "Ave Maria." by A. Corelli, none of the works at present hung deals with landscape subjects, and nearly all of them are upon a scale, as to size, very much beyond what is customary among our own artists. A general survey of the collection impresses one with the richness and depth of color harmonies, a certain sense of strength. and, in several cases, of a microscopic finish

that is more curious than agreeable. As one enters the gallery he is irresistibly struck by the savagery of a collossal head of a peasant type by Corelli, a black visaged, shaggy Italian, painted with great vigor and in pure water color. A companion to this is a woman of the same class and equally large. but much more agreeable in subject. Both are types of the peasants of the district south of Rome, and, as suggesting their occupation as hewers of wood, they are framed in broad bands of natural chestnut. The "Ave Maria," by this same painter, is similar to "The Angelus" in sentiment, being a scene on the Roman Campagna at sunset, when the bell of St. Peter's at Rome rings out the call to vespers. A company of rustics is at work in the fields, and is stopped in its toil by the distant tolling. A tragic picture by this same artist, as gloomy in subject and treatment as the "Ave Maria" is tender and luminous, is the "Serenata," in which the lover who has sung under his lady's window lies dead in the snow, stabbed by his rival, just as the cold day breaks. The long, rambling building is all in darkness, except for the faint light of a lamp at a window, from which the early riser discovers the tragedy of the night. Footprints in the snow, leading from the body of the dead serenader, point to the escape of his assassin. This is a large picture, and wonderfully well managed in its tragic narrative and in the expression of that cold, cheerless hour before a winter dawn.

"The Lost Child," by Pennacebini, is another tracedy beautifully told in detail, and touching in the grief that has turned to madness in the young mother. In the empty crable is seen the impress of the baby's head on the pillow, the sympathizing and mouraing friends stand awed in the remoter shadows of the big room, while the childless mother sits beside the empty cradle, and in her delirium of grief tears into bits a wreath of flowers, scattering the blossoms upon the floor. A remarkable picture in several ways is Au-

rell's large composition representing the presentation of Richelieu to the court of France Six or eight of the principal figures are said to be portraits, though it may be prosumed from their beauty that they are flattering. The picture is well composed and strong and there is an attention to detail that is remarkable, while the faces and dresses are finished like minintures. There is a realism in the modelling and painting of the minutest detail that is positively wearisome when one contemplates the patient labor that it represents.

Included in the collection are two canvasses by Tiratelli that are charming. They are both of scenes along the road to Tivoli, one of them of a courtyard and the other of a trellised lane in which green and rabbits abound and a picturesque village girl lends color and beauty to the scone. The distant vista is beautifully painted, lighted here and there by sinning sunshine.

Among other artists represented in the collection are Simoni, Bompiani, Martinetti Ferraresi, De Tommasi, Battaglia, Sfinetti, Tomba, and Simonetti.

The Work of American Psychotogists in tendping Mental Processes, Catesiating Their Rapidity, and Determining How They are Set in Motton-How This Work Mas Affreted the Education of

During two days of Christmas week there was esthered within the hospitable walls of Columbia College a notable group of investigators. From every leading university in the and came men whose life work it is to observe the workings of the human mind, to trace the subtle ties which bind impression, memory and act, imagination, feeling, and will. Ali ine of men of genius who have sought to explore the heights and depths of human facalty, have classified its powers, speculated upon its limitations, and remarked the belos and hindraposs of inhoritance and nurture In direct observation so thoroughly have these great masters done their work that their mod ern successors are little more than gleaners in the field. Yet in bringing observation to an instrumental basis, in artificially creating new conditions for experiment, the psychologists of the nineteenth century have revolutionized the science of mind. To the old question, What? is now added, How much? That an Impression takes time to register itself and urther time to induce action was familiar to astronomers a hundred years ago. To-day the personal equation" in responding to sight or sound is ascertained to the thousandth of a second, and the speed of thought is found to be no more than that of the quickest express trains. Whereas it has been known for ages that some men remember better what they hear than what they see, and that other men are in the opposite case, the experimenter today, armed with a few printed words which he shows or repeats, can at once detect whether the eye or the ear is the more open door to the brain, and by how much they differ in hos-pitality. In somewhat the same fashion the facility which is born of practice is told off in percentages, with an incidental word of value for ambitions well and ill founded. When two studies bear a close organic tie, as history and geography, or Latin and Spanish, it has long been observed that they can be pursued together with much saving of time and labor Precisely what the economy is comes out in the fences which have so long and wastefulls hampered the cuitivator of young minds. In a series of preliminary tests, Prof. Serie

ture of Yale University has found reason to believe that in acquiring the substantives of a foreign tongue there is a threefold accesaion of facility when pictures accompany the words. That numbers can usually be remembered longer than names is held to be due to the more easy picturing of a numeral, which is also the symbol for a word, than of a word, which is a word only. In the same line of in vestigation it is abundantly proved that when s child sees and handles the things it names it arrives at an understanding of them otherwise impossible. In the best German teaching children are brought to th alphabet only when six months of object lessons have prepared them to attach true meanings to simple words. For like good reasons President G. Stanley Hall of Clark Uni versity estimates that in a visit of a few days to the country a city child receives as much benefit as in two terms at school. In his little book on "The Contents of Children's Minds on Entering School," he cites children who supposed that wool grew on hens, and hame grew on trees, while from the accident of size n pictorial Illustration another child imagined a cow, with its hide, meat, horns, and hoofs, to be no bigger than a mouse. Thunder was taken to be God rolling barrels about, or having coals run in. Clearly any teacher who assumes that his pupils know what they do not know is building instruction on sand.

In the light of the new spirit of inquiry abroad among the teachers of teachers it begins to look as if the charge of stupidity that may, in time coming, be laid upon man or woman shall be shifted to the shoulders of the educator who, in the plastic years of childhood, neglected to draw out dormant faculty by the right kind of appeal. A boy with a wretched memory for participles and irregular verbs may be deft enough if saw and plane are put into his hands, and a girl who at first shows little talent in drawing may develop a more valuable gift in designing new and pretty patterns. All of this has a direct hearing on the prime question of education, which is, How can the most and best be made out of this particular boy or girl? When an all-round test of faculty has brought out the strong and weak points of a child there can be intelligent choice of the life work and preparation for it, with cultivation, too, of that versatility which is most desirable in this day of the constant dispossesinventor. And where bread and butter are not the chief consideration, the more various the work a man or woman can do the better.

for the fuller of resource will be the life. Fortunately children's minds can receive the new survey here indicated by appliances which are simple and cheap, which can be readily understood and used by any teacher worthy the name. In this field, in bringing to the machine drill of the schools somewhat of adaptation to Tommy Jones and Mary Smith. there lies an Immense possibility for progress. The chief asset of America is not its wheat farms, coal mines, or pine forests, but the boys and girls whose minds and wills are every day being developed or stunted by the men and women whose wards they are.

Apart from this special department, in the field of advanced psychological experiment the United States now shares with Germany the leadership of the world. The American genius for devising and applying refined instruments of measurement has won new laurels in the psychological inhoratories of Columbia College, of Clark, Harvard, and Vala

Moved by a tendency as old as human nature to overrate as much of experience as can be reduced to square and compass, some of the younger explorers of the mind are disposed to lay too much stress on the deliverances of their electric clocks and recorders. This was evident at the Columbia College meeting when an enthusiastic constructor of apparatus dwelt with pardonable satisfaction on his being able to measure as little as the ten-thousandth of a second. In comment, one of the elders of the company remarked that while it is well to keep one's theodolite polished and carefully levelled, it will not do to forget that after all it is employed in forget that after all it is employed in triangulating little more than drifting clouds. Uncounted thousands of telegraph operators hear the hum of Morse characters as they repeat themselves from the paner strip to which they have been committed. To the cars of Edison the hum bears the hint of the phonograph—not a hint to perish still born, as so many good suggestions do, but an idea which enters a mind able and persistent enough to carry it to success. What apparatus can sound the dentits of unconscious power such as this, power which shall leap to victory at the sour of discerned opportunity: The grapping hooks of the psychological laboratory are cunof discerned opportunity: The grapping hooks of the paych ological laboratory are cunningly moulded and wielded, and in the sphere of the invellent they bring to light much of treasure, but in the lower deeps, whence spring the issues of life-fatth, love, and hope they return battled and empty. Grozer LLES.

A RUNAWAY CABLE CAR.

Without a Sout Abourd It Storted Off of Its Own Accord at a Twelve-M in figil. From the Chicago Times. People on Milwauxee avenue, near Western

People on Milwausse avenue, near Western avenue, were frightened yesterday morning over the running awar of a wiid grip can. It was firing along the track, going west, at the rate of twelve milos an hour, and no one was on it, not even a gripman.

Hozens of people stood by holding their mouths open she wondering what was the matter. What vehicles were in this neighborhood hastened to get out of the way, but no one ventured to stop the car.

The grip had been standing in front of the barns on Eilen street waiting to take on a trailer, when the gripman left his post. The lever had bot been caught, and a slight jostic of the car caused it to drop down. A strand of the carie which was loose eaught in it, and the car immediater started off at full speed. Employees gave chase, but it was all in value. Employees gave chase, but it was all in vain. It was not until the car reached Western avanue that any one was able to catch the runawar, when a cool-headed officer, Gilbert knowles of the Thirty-accord precinct police ratio, who is used to jumping on the awift Milwaukee avenue cars, awarg himself on and succeeded in stopping it.

"HINTS TO SOCIETY SINNERS."

PLATITUDES ON BEHAVIOR BY A SELF-SITLED MEMBER OF THE 400

Good Form in Bress, Manner, Sporch, and at Table Not Forth Against a Foil or Shocking Examples of "Bad Streaks,"

"Bad Breaks by One of the 400" is printed in bold letters across the cover of a recently published pamphlet. Not that the author intended it to read that

way. He did not, for here are some words in fine print which make up a total as follows: Pad Breaks in Dress, at Table, in Manners, in Speech, &c., Compiled and Edited by One of the 400." Of course that's different. Still, after you shall have perused the book you may continue to ignore the fine print and again read it. "Had Breaks by One of the 400." On the title page invide there is the additional legend, "A few hints to society sinners," and urther on the quotation, "And we have done those things which we ought not to have done"

The very first warning uttered by this social missionary is full of meaning. It discloses a deadly antipathy toward two elements of the community, an antipathy which crops out in various later utterances. He says; "Paner waistcoats are always in bad taste. They do very well for grooms and politicians. A white waistcoat of pique or some similar material is always permissible, and should not be confounded with 'polka dot' and other cloth abominations."

There you have it. When this stern member of the 400 wishes to designate the lowest variety of the human animal he speaks of grooms and politicians." His tone says. Than this there is no lower depth." But he has shafts of sarcasm for a few other people, too. For instance, isn't this biting? " Bowerr song-and-dance men, sports, and bad actors have their coats satin faced, and wear them rolled back so as to display the material. The coat of a well-dressed man will hang straight from the top button, and the lapels will not be rolled back. The gentleman knows with what his coat is lined and faced, and does not to display the material to the public. He is used to wearing good clothes."

On the vital subject of scarf pins the author Is minutely explicit. He says, though it grieves him sorely, that the man who wears a scarf pin stuck in the centre (the italics are his of the upper part of a four-in-hand tie does not know how to dress. It must be planted "about halfan inch above the lower edge of the band which forms the upper part of the tie."

Could anything be more clear? And hera too, is a concise verdict on the subject of parent leather shoes. He says: " A varnished shoe is unpardonable. When one's patent leathers get dingy looking they should be cast away or become the property of the valet. A man who can afford one pair of patent leathers can afford another. Varnish belongs to the stable and its inmates." There you have again the con-lemnation of the genus groom. This member of the generally dilettante 400 does not believe in half measures, even in regard to half hose. He says: "The man who wears white or striped half hose with low shoes should be cut dead, as should also the individual who arrays himself in tinted linen. especially of the 'pink bar' variety." But even this is not so sweeping as what fol-

But even this is not so sweeping as what follows: "No gentleman will wear a made-up scarf." From that decision there is no appeal, and it is positively harrowing to think of the men who do not tie their own scarfs and are consequently no gentlemen, though possessing all the minor attributes, such as courtesy, good breeding, honor, and a few other such trifles. It is pleasant to reflect, however, that by substituting a scarf which they can tie themselves, they may quickly overcome one barrier to their standing as gentlemen.

Here is another rap at the politicians: "Goldheaded canes ought to be the exclusive property of politicans and circus managers. They are always 'tokens of esteem.'" We are also informed that "gentlemen in the city do not carry colored handkerchiefs, nor those with gaudy borders." Also that 'Italian counts are partial to red and yellow topped shees, and should be permitted to monopolize them."

The following remarks are not very clear, but they have a tragic flavor: Diamond and other ornate garter clasps and buckles are beautiful things, and beautiful things are meant to be seen. Arco, should a prudent woman let the fact get abroad that she is the possessor of such articles: or, as they are worn and not carried, how did the fact become known?" This is more full of mystery than of grammar, but it may be one of the particularity bad breaks.

There are many other warnings on the subject of dress, but it is with an increase of aconic emphasis that the member of the 460 passes on to the next topic, speech. He remarks in the beginning that "Only Ill-bred people say 'Dear me!' and 'Is that so,' and 'You don't tell me?' and make that clicking sound with the fongue which always follows the recital of something dreadful."

Then he makes what he evidently considers a bon mot. He says: "Gleverness is an attribute of animated things, yet I heard a man say that a ragout was very clever. If it was stewed call's brain, it may have been—at one time." The chances are that the man might have said 'very clever' lows: "No gentleman will wear a made-up

might have said 'very elever' to that remark without hurting the sensibilities of the author. I'm nicely, thanks,' is an abomination properly reprehended by this writer. He also imparts the information that the term 'dirty, applied to soiled ciothes, gloves, and other things of the kind, is grossily inelegant; that people "stay" at hotels after they 'stop" at them; that in St. Louis people use commercial terms in polite conversation, saying, for instance, that a man is well 'posted' in art. He exclaims at last. 'Oh! if ain't could only be put away once and forever!"

Damn' is the only swearing permitted a gentleman, 'says the monitor of Bad Breaks. 'Anything beyond that is vulgar.'

An unexpected sense of humor crops out is the following parastraph:

Over the door of a public school near me are two curious inscriptions. One reads For Males' and the other 'For Females.' Accord-

the following paragraph:
"Over the door of a public school near me are two curious inscriptions. One reads For Males' and the other For Fernales.' According to the literal meaning of the signs, asy animal of the female sex is permitted to enterone door and boy steers and gentleman cows at the other."

But it is when the author sits down, as it wers, at the table that he gives his sarcasm free rein. For example: "The man who will tip up his soup plate and thrust the pointed end of his spoon into his mouth, like Diabolus, the sword swallower, will always be the man who will pick his teeth at the fable and clutch his apoon between his fingers while raished his apoon between his fingers while raished his coffee cup to his lips. He will not lay the spoon bet de the cup in the saucer because, doubtless, he fears it may in some unaccountable manner get away. He is kind hearted, though, and always purs a napkin before his face while picking his teeth, so that the results of his dontal prospecting may not fly across the table."

though and always puts a napkin before his face while picking his teeth, so that the results of his dental prospecting may not fly across the table."

Here is another example of wrongdoing on the part of some people: Milk is never furnished when coffee is served after dimering small curs; yet people have been known to ask for it—ignoranity, it is presumed."

Other monitions as to good form are:

"Occasionally one e visa-vise will thow at his soup or coffee. He is the man who blows on his flagers to warm them."

"The man who selects the table near the window in a cafe is generally the poorest partron the house has. His object is to be seen, should you break a glasse or similar article, are nothing about it. It is too triding to nie tice. The napkie should be touched to the lips or one end of it, with a finger behind, be drawn across the mouth. Some people use it as though it were a mor, and their mouths the deck of a lishing sloop after a catcar had been dressed."

"A haltit much affected by would be swelled of both sexes is that of erooking the little finger when conveying anything to the mouth or letting it atand straight up like the posel limb of a ballet dance. I have seen intracting him of a ballet dance. I have seen intracting the observation of a writer seen under the observation of a writer seen the received and to decent society?"

As a last thing he refers to a few general had breakle. He should searced have been and should then as not dining at all nowariays. We are told that he escent for having taken her to the theatre, that he is the sayone one and should then a secont for having taken her to the theatre that he is the sayone one and should then a secont

If the following is true then are our lives and property not sale in a city where we make rufflans "exist: "bmoking on the street is yerr taid form and a man the does so while walking with a woman is arufflan." And he to is another reference to the inhappy growth of a count sent or a handous permits show the provided there are no ladius present. In a pipe here or og the street is barred, tiented men amone pipes in their apartments, growns on the street.